

Pie

-Well you've finally done it. The entire pie.

-Too long in coming.

-Are the rest of us to starve? Is that it?

-God's will.

-Besides, you'll need servants forever. They'll get a sliver.

-Malays or robots, Senators, whatever. But I suppose there's no perfection on this earth. Let's say for sake of accuracy we have 99 per cent.

-You're insuring revolution!

-We already do. We own those franchises too.

-Uh huh. Better be well defended.

-That process is a thing of art.

-One day your Praetorian Guard will plant a shiv in your back!

-Until then, the yachts bob and the girls spread their legs. Uh, would you mind taking your smell elsewhere?